TOMB OF DRACULA

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THE TOMB OF DRACULA

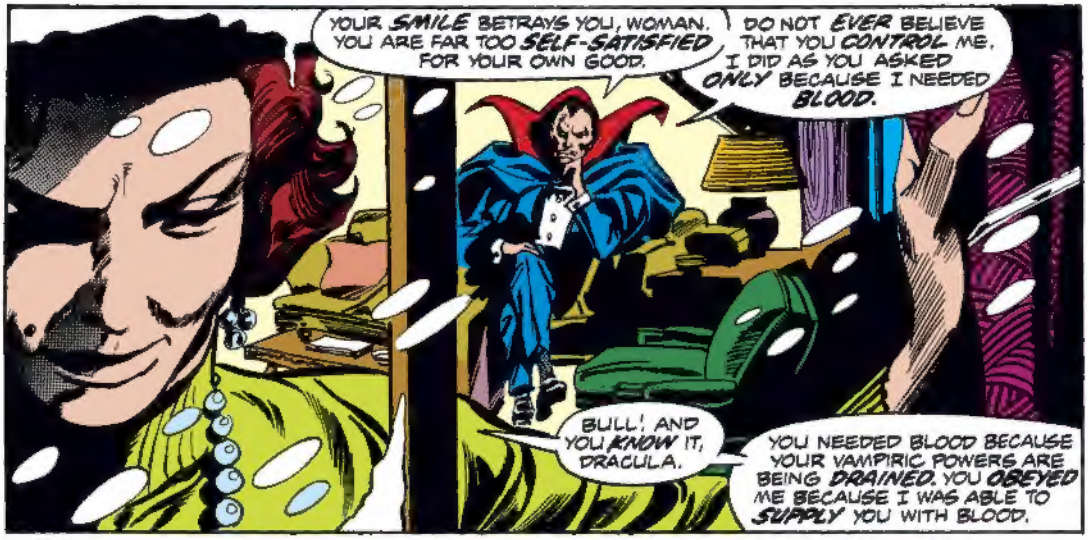
FRANK DRAKE BATTLES AN ARMY OF THE UNDEAD -- AT THE SIDE OF

BROTHER VOODOO!

Stan Lee PRESENTS: **TOMB OF DRACULA!**

MARV WOLFMAN / WRITER / GENE COLAN & TOM PALMER / ARTISTS / JOHN COSTANZA, letterer / TOM PALMER, Colorist / LEN WEIN / EDITOR

IN 1653, SWEDISH WRITER GUNNER YARNBOUGH WROTE THE NOW-FAMOUS CHILDREN'S CLASSIC, "THE THREE LIVES OF HANS' FATHER." THE STORY TELLS OF AN EMBITTERED, ANGRY OLD CUSS WHO DECIDED TO SEEK VENGEANCE ON THE THREE MEN WHO DROVE HIM INTO POVERTY.
DAPHNE VON WILKINSON WOULD DO WELL TO READ THOSE STILL-APPROPRIATE WORDS.
HELL HATH NO FURY...


YOUR SMILE BETRAYS YOU, WOMAN. YOU ARE FAR TOO SELF-SATISFIED FOR YOUR OWN GOOD.
DO NOT EVER BELIEVE THAT YOU CONTROL ME. I DID AS YOU ASKED ONLY BECAUSE I NEEDED BLOOD.
BULL! AND YOU KNOW IT, DRACULA.
YOU NEEDED BLOOD BECAUSE YOUR VAMPIRIC POWERS ARE BEING DRAINED. YOU OBEYED ME BECAUSE I WAS ABLE TO SUPPLY YOU WITH BLOOD.

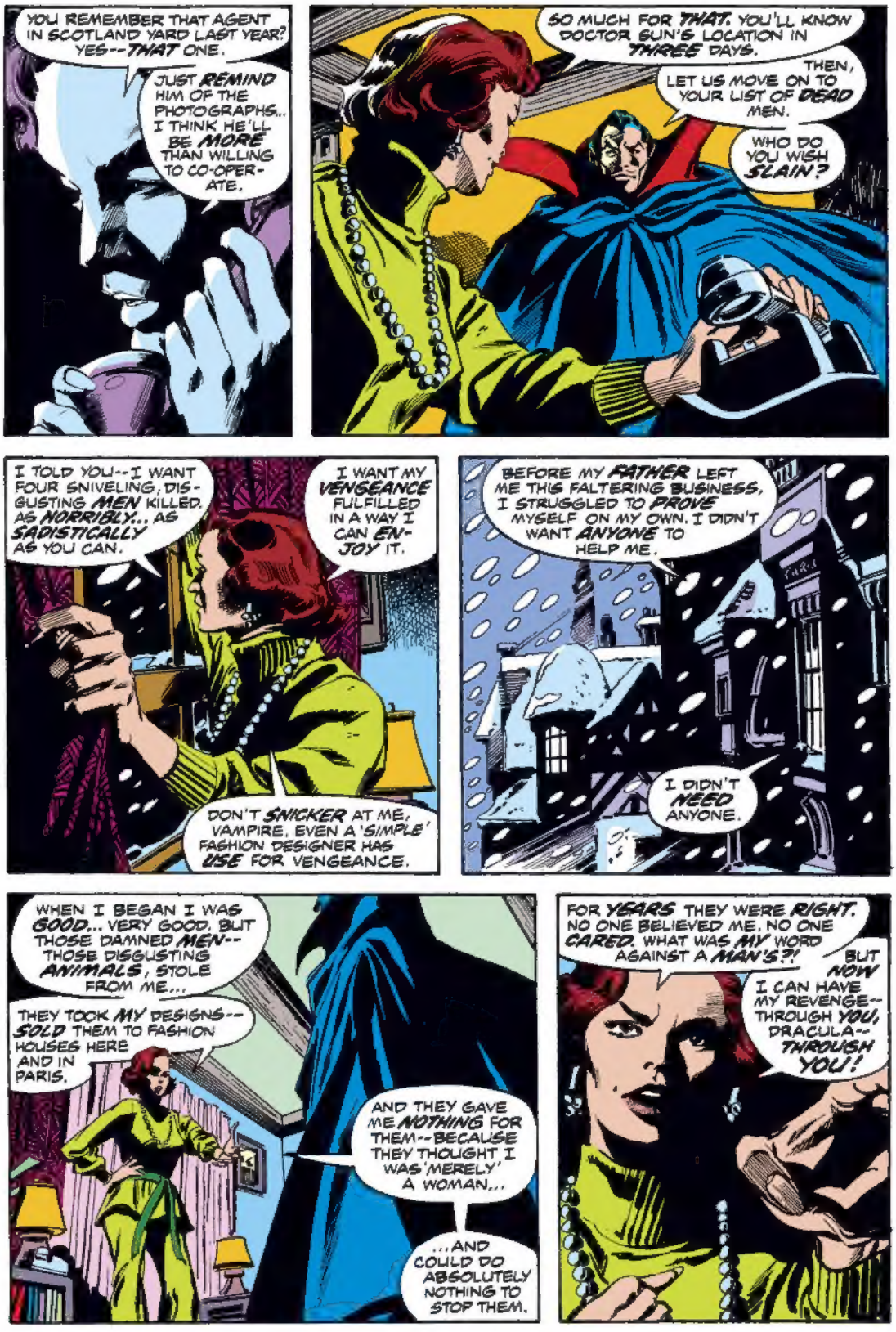
OR, HAVE YOU FORGOTTEN, THAT I READ THESE PAPERS WHICH PROVE THAT IN LESS THAN TWO WEEKS--
--YOU'LL BE DEAD!

BUT I CAN STILL HELP YOU. YOU'RE SEARCHING FOR THIS MAN NAMED DOCTOR SUN.
I'M IN CONTACT WITH THE MOST BEAUTIFUL MODELS IN LONDON... AND SURELY ONE OF THEM CAN FIND SOMEONE IN SCOTLAND YARD WHO WILL BE MORE THAN HAPPY TO GIVE HER THE INFORMATION YOU NEED.

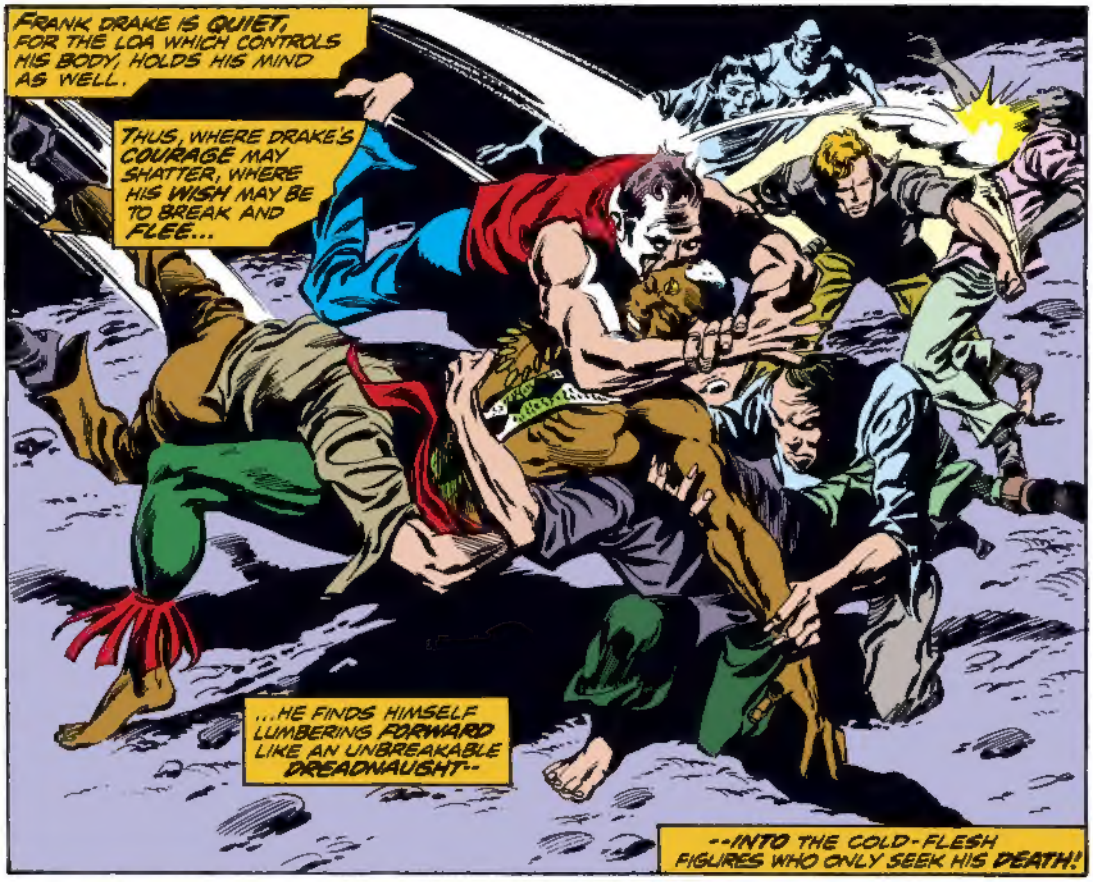
FOR A PRICE, I PRESUME?
I TRULY DOUBT YOU WILL HELP ME THROUGH ANY DESIRE TO BE GENEROUS.

WHAT I WANT WILL ALSO HELP YOU, DRACULA. YOU SEE, I WANT FOUR MEN KILLED.
AND SHOULD YOU ALSO SATISFY YOUR OWN BLOOD-LUST--SO MUCH THE BETTER, EH?

AS FOR THE INFORMATION--
ANITA! THIS IS DAPHNE. I HAVE A LITTLE MISSION FOR YOU.
WHY, YES-- I THINK YOU'LL ENJOY IT.


YOU REMEMBER THAT AGENT IN SCOTLAND YARD LAST YEAR? YES--THAT ONE.
JUST REMIND HIM OF THE PHOTOGRAPHS... I THINK HE'LL BE MORE THAN WILLING TO CO-OPERATE.
SO MUCH FOR THAT. YOU'LL KNOW DOCTOR SUN'S LOCATION IN THREE DAYS.
THEN, LET US MOVE ON TO YOUR LIST OF DEAD MEN.
WHO DO YOU WISH SLAIN?
I TOLD YOU--I WANT FOUR SNIVELING, DISGUSTING MEN KILLED. AS NORRIBLY... AS SADISTICALLY AS YOU CAN.
I WANT MY VENGEANCE FULFILLED IN A WAY I CAN EN-JOY IT.
DON'T SNICKER AT ME, VAMPIRE. EVEN A 'SIMPLE' FASHION DESIGNER HAS USE FOR VENGEANCE.
BEFORE MY FATHER LEFT ME THIS FALTERING BUSINESS, I STRUGGLED TO PROVE MYSELF ON MY OWN. I DIDN'T WANT ANYONE TO HELP ME.
I DIDN'T NEED ANYONE.
WHEN I BEGAN I WAS GOOD... VERY GOOD. BUT THOSE DAMNED MEN-- THOSE DISGUSTING ANIMALS, STOLE FROM ME...
THEY TOOK MY DESIGNS-- SOLD THEM TO FASHION HOUSES HERE AND IN PARIS.
AND THEY GAVE ME NOTHING FOR THEM--BECAUSE THEY THOUGHT I WAS 'MERELY' A WOMAN...
...AND COULD DO ABSOLUTELY NOTHING TO STOP THEM.
FOR YEARS THEY WERE RIGHT. NO ONE BELIEVED ME, NO ONE CARED. WHAT WAS MY WORD AGAINST A MAN'S?!
BUT NOW I CAN HAVE MY REVENGE-- THROUGH YOU, DRACULA-- THROUGH YOU!

YOU ARE A FOOL, WOMAN-- BUT IF YOU GET ME WHAT I NEED, YOU CAN WALLOW IN YOUR OWN SICKNESS FOR ALL I CARE.
BUT I NEED MORE THAN THIS KILL TO SUSTAIN ME TONIGHT.
AND YOU'LL GET IT. AFTER YOU KILL MARTIN BEATERING.
FOR, HE WAS THE FIRST MAN TO CHEAT ME. SO HE MUST BE THE FIRST TO DIE.
VERY WELL, WOMAN--
--MARTIN BEATERING WILL DIE TONIGHT.
BUT WHEN I RETURN, BE SURE THERE IS MORE BLOOD WAITING.
FOR, I NEED ALL MY FABLED STRENGTH--
--IF I AM TO EVENTUALLY DESTROY DOCTOR SUN!
BRAZIL: ONCE AGAIN THE ZUVEMBIES HAVE GROUPED TO SLAY THEIR BLOND-HAIRED VICTIM, FRANK DRAKE.
BUT DRACULA'S HAPLESS DESCENDANT IS PROTECTED NOW...
IT IS TIME NOW, FRANK DRAKE--
--TO PROVE TO THESE SOULLESS ONES THAT WE ARE NOT SO EASY TO SLAY!
...BY THE SPIRIT-LOA OF BROTHER VOODOO--MASTER OF BLACK MAGIC!

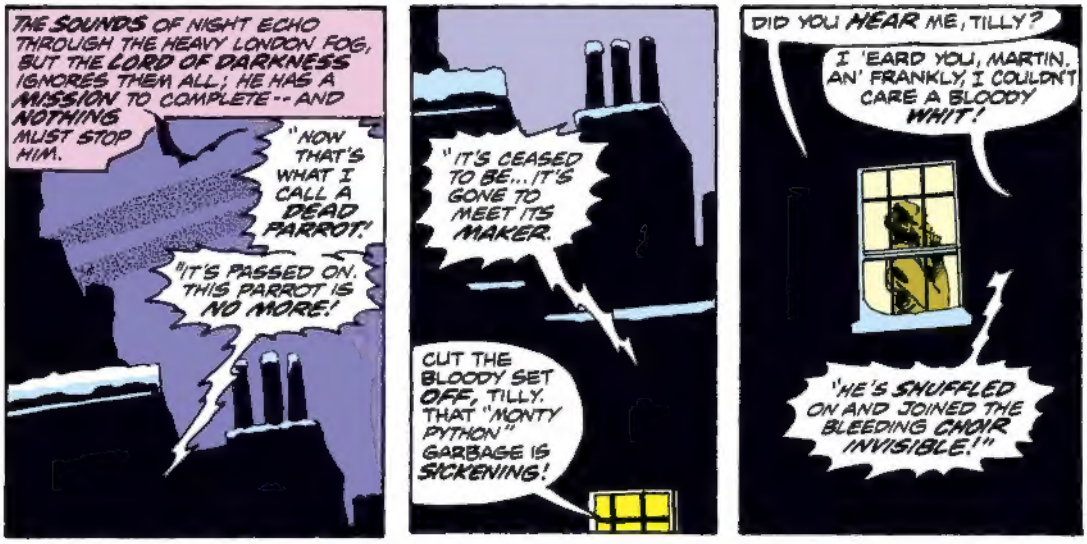

FRANK DRAKE IS QUIET, FOR THE LOA WHICH CONTROLS HIS BODY, HOLDS HIS MIND AS WELL.
THUS, WHERE DRAKE'S COURAGE MAY SHATTER, WHERE HIS WISH MAY BE TO BREAK AND FLEE...
...HE FINDS HIMSELF LUMBERING FORWARD LIKE AN UNBREAKABLE DREADNAUGHT--
--INTO THE COLD-FLESH FIGURES WHO ONLY SEEK HIS DEATH!

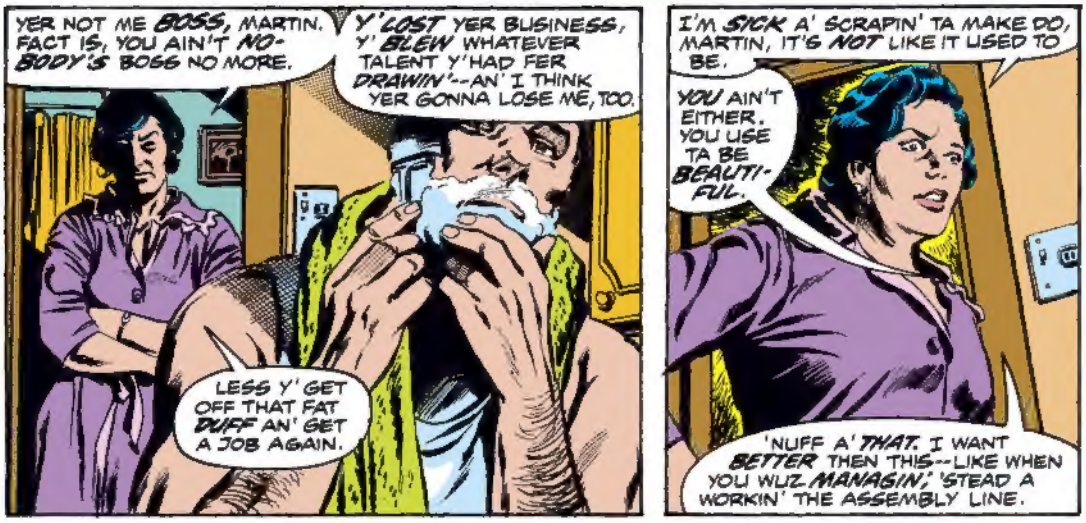
CURSED ONES! THEY'VE BEEN TOLD TO SLAY, AND THAT IS ALL THEY KNOW.
BUT THEY SHALL CLAIM NO DEATHS THIS NIGHT.
THAT, BROTHER VOODOO SWEARS!

IN MINDLESS DROVES THEY ATTACK...
...ONLY TO FIND THEMSELVES CONSTANTLY REPULSED.

I THINK THE TIDE IS ABOUT TO BE TURNED, DRAKE--
OBSERVE THEIR MOVEMENTS... TOO CONTROLLED... MUCH TOO SLOW--
--TO AVOID A LIGHTNING-FAST ATTACK.
MANEUVER THEM AS I HAVE, SPIRIT-BROTHER...
THERE IS ONLY SILENCE AS FIVE MINDLESS ZUVEMBIES PLUNGE TO THEIR SECOND DEATH BELOW.
HOPE-FULLY, THIS ONE WILL PROVE FAR MORE PEACE-FUL.
...AND I BELIEVE WE'LL MAKE SHORT WORK OF THEM!
BUT ALL IS NOT OVER; ONE CREATURE REMAINS.
ONE EMPTY HUSK, BRED ONLY TO KILL.
CLOSER, MY BRAINLESS FRIEND. BRING YOUR TORCH EVEN CLOSER.
WE'LL SEE HOW MUCH GOOD IT DOES YOU.
THE FLAME IGNITES AS IT TOUCHES BROTHER VOODOO'S COSTUME...
BUT, GRIMLY, THE VOODOO-LORD STEPS FORWARD... INTO THE FIRE.
FAR AWAY, ALMOST LOST IN THE DISTANCE, THE BEATING OF JUNGLE DRUMS CAN BE HEARD...

...AND THEY TELL OF THE LEGEND OF BROTHER VOODOO--A GOD, SOME SAY, WHO CAN NOT DIE.
CLOSER, SOULLESS ONES. COME CLOSER, I SAY.
YOU SEEK TO BURN ME TO HELL, ZUVEMBIE...
...THEN, JOIN ME!
HE CLUTCHES HIS WOULD-BE MURDERER IN A FIERY GRIP OF IRON.
AND, AS HE DOES, THE FLAMES BURST HUNGRILY UPWARDS; THERE IS MORE KINDLING TO FEED THEM.
DON'T CONCERN YOURSELF, SPIRIT-BROTHER...
...FOR YOU KNOW THAT FLAMES CAN NOT BURN HE-WHO-HAS-DIED-TWICE!
BUT, THE ZUVEMBIE--HE IS NOT IMMUNE AT ALL.
NOW, DRAKE--WE MUST FIND YOUR 'FRIEND'--DANNY SUMMERS.
FOR, HE IS THE ONE WHO LED YOU INTO THIS TRAP.
AND HE IS THE ONE WHO MUST ULTIMATELY PAY!


THE SOUNDS OF NIGHT ECHO THROUGH THE HEAVY LONDON FOG, BUT THE LORD OF DARKNESS IGNORES THEM ALL; HE HAS A MISSION TO COMPLETE -- AND NOTHING MUST STOP HIM.
"NOW THAT'S WHAT I CALL A DEAD PARROT!"
"IT'S PASSED ON. THIS PARROT IS NO MORE!"
"IT'S CEASED TO BE... IT'S GONE TO MEET ITS MAKER.
CUT THE BLOODY SET OFF, TILLY. THAT "MONTY PYTHON" GARBAGE IS SICKENING!
DID YOU HEAR ME, TILLY?
I 'EARD YOU, MARTIN. AN' FRANKLY, I COULDN'T CARE A BLOODY WHIT!
"HE'S SHUFFLED ON AND JOINED THE BLEEDING CHOIR INVISIBLE!"


YER NOT ME BOSS, MARTIN. FACT IS, YOU AIN'T NOBODY'S BOSS NO MORE.
Y'LOST YER BUSINESS, Y' BLEW WHATEVER TALENT Y'HAD FER DRAWIN'--AN' I THINK YER GONNA LOSE ME, TOO.
LESS Y' GET OFF THAT FAT DUFF AN' GET A JOB AGAIN.
I'M SICK A' SCRAPIN' TA MAKE DO, MARTIN, IT'S NOT LIKE IT USED TO BE.
YOU AIN'T EITHER. YOU USE TA BE BEAUTIFUL.
'NUFF A' THAT. I WANT BETTER THEN THIS--LIKE WHEN YOU WUZ MANAGIN,' 'STEAD A WORKIN' THE ASSEMBLY LINE.

THAT'S THE WAY THE BALL BOUNCES, M'LOVE.
TELL THE TRUTH, I DON'T MIND BEIN' ON 'ASSEMBLY' AT ALL -- THE HEAT'S OFF... NO MORE PRESSURE.
I WAS RUNNIN' DRY ANYHOW. COULDN'T COME UP WITH ANY NEW DESIGNS.
NOW, I'M HAPPY.
WHILE I'M STARVIN'!
YOU COULD USE A BIT A' STARVIN', TILLY.
IT'D DO US BOTH A BIT A' GOOD.
'SIDES WHICH -- I CAME INTO THIS WORLD BROKE. SO WHAT'S WRONG WITH GOING OUT THE SAME?

BLAST YOU, MARTIN. YOU DON'T CARE 'BOUT ME AT ALL.
DO YOU?
'EY! DON'T! DON'T!
OW!
SKTCH!
IDIOT! NOW LOOK WHAT YOU'VE DONE!
I DIDN'T KNOW... I DIDN'T MEAN...
WRONG! YOU DIDN'T THINK. YOU NEVER THINK,
DON'T STAND THERE WITH YOUR JAW SCRAPIN' THE GROUND. GET ME A BAND-AID 'FORE I BLEED TO DEATH.
BZZZZ
THE DOOR-BELL!
FORGET IT. I NEED A BLASTED BAND-AID!
BUT, BEFORE TILLY CAN STOP HER HAND GRABS THE DOOR-KNOB, SHE TWISTS, AND...
MARTIN BEATERING?
HUH?
Y-YEAH, I'M HIM. WHAT DO YOU WANT?
DAPHNE VON WILKINSON ASKED ME TO SPEAK WITH YOU.
DAPHNE? YEAH--SHE USED TA WORK FER ME COUPLE'A YEARS AGO.

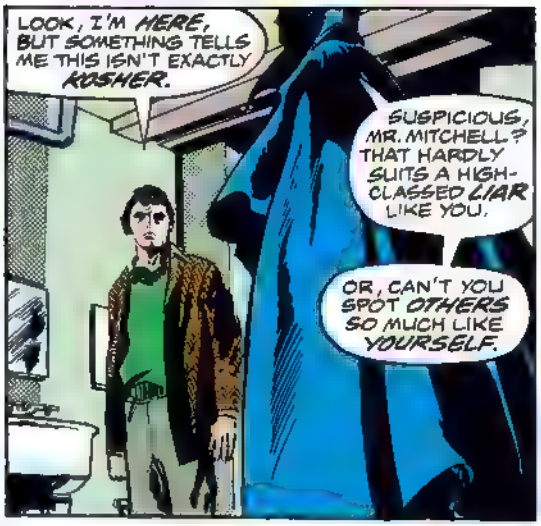
WHAT DOES SHE WANT?
ONLY YOUR DEATH, MAN ONLY YOUR DEATH!
WHA--?
SHE SUB-MITTED DESIGNS TO YOU-- DESIGNS WHICH YOU LATER SOLD AS YOUR OWN.
YOU LIVED BY STEALING THE TALENTS OF OTHERS,
BUT YOU'LL DIE ALONE...ALL BY YOURSELF!
NO--! NO!! GET AWAY FROM ME, FER GOD'S SAKE--GET AWAY!
AAAAAGGHH
BLASPHEMY WILL GET YOU NOWHERE WITH ME, LITTLE MAN.
JUST DON'T FIGHT ME... DON'T STRUG-GLE. IT WILL ONLY PROLONG THE BLISSFUL PAIN... THE MOST BEAU-TIFUL AGONY
ACCEPT YOUR DEATH YOU SHALL HAVE THE RE-MAINDER OF YOUR EXISTENCE TO WALLOW IN IT.
NO! PLEASE DON'T PLEASE!
DON'T CRY AT YOUR HUSBAND'S DEATH.
AFTER ALL-- YOU'RE NEXT!

MISS VON WILKINSON, I'VE BEEN WORKING ALL NIGHT. COULDN'T WE FINISH THIS IN THE MORNING?
YOU AGREED TO WORK THE NIGHT, ANGIE AND I'M HOLDING YOU TO IT
BESIDES, I'M PAYING YOU OVER-TIME.
BUT, DON'T WORRY I THINK THIS SHOULD BE OVER QUITE SOON.
I WANT TO TRY JUST A FEW MORE FABRICS.
GET INTO THE SILK-- NUMBER FOURTEEN, WILL YOU.
NO! COME TO THINK OF IT--
I DON'T THINK WE'LL NEED TRY ON ANYTHING ELSE TONIGHT.
OR EVERMORE, I DARE SAY.
HUNH? WHAT DO YOU MEAN?
IT MEANS THAT YOU ARE MY DESSERT FOR TONIGHT, MY DEAR.
AND JUST THE DISH TO AN OTHERWISE PERFECT EVENING'S MEAL.
EEEEE
ANGIE RODGERS SCREAMS, BUT HER TERRIFIED PLEA IS MUFFLED BENEATH DRACULA'S MIDNIGHT-BLACK CLOAK.
SHE STRUGGLES, BUT HER ARMS ARE QUICKLY PINNED.. HER NECK BRACED..
...AND HER LIFE-- ENDED.
BEATERING IS DEAD, WOMAN.
AND I SHALL KILL THE OTHERS--
--ONE EACH NIGHT!

VERY GOOD-- AND WHEN YOU KILL MY FINAL VICTIM...
...YOU'LL GET THE INFORMATION YOU SO DESPERATELY NEED.
BUT THINGS ARE NOT MOVING QUITE AS SIMPLY AS THEY SEEM TO BE...
YOU'LL HAVE YOUR CORPSES, WOMAN-- BUT NOT THE WAY I SAID YOU WOULD.
FOR, THEY WILL DIE-- BUT TONIGHT...
ALL TONIGHT!
HA! HA HA!
THE LONDON DERRY, AN EXCLUSIVE NIGHTCLUB--ADMISSIBLE ONLY BY KEYHOLDING MEMBERS.
WHAT DID YOU WISH TO TALK TO ME ABOUT, MR DRAKE?
YOU SAID IT WAS IMPORTANT. IS THERE SOMETHING WRONG WITH FRANK?
NO, MR. MITCHELL, MY-EH-'SON' IS DOING QUITE WELL. HE'S WORKING HARD IN BRAZIL AT THE MOMENT.
...HAVING, I WOULD ASSUME, ONE HELL OF A TIME
I'M HERE FOR OTHER MATTERS, THOUGH. YOU REMEMBER A MISS VON WILKINSON?
CALL ME KEN YEAH, I KNEW HER. SHE BROUGHT ME SOME OF HER DRESS DESIGNS A FEW YEARS BACK.
GOOD ONES, TOO. BUT, YOU KNOW HOW THINGS ARE IN THE BUSINESS-- DOG-EAT-DOG.
I STOLE THEM FOR MYSELF. IT'S DONE EVERY DAY. WHY, S SHE STILL MAD?
MISS VON WILKINSON ASKED THAT I PERSUADE YOU TO JOIN HER BUSINESS. SHE'S NOT DOING TOO WELL, AND SHE SAYS SHE NEEDS SOMEONE LIKE YOU--
A CONNIVER... A ROGUISH SWINDLER, IF I MAY
YOU SEE, SHE NOW UNDERSTANDS AND ACCEPTS WHAT YOU DID TO HER, AND WANTS TO DO THE SAME TO OTHERS.

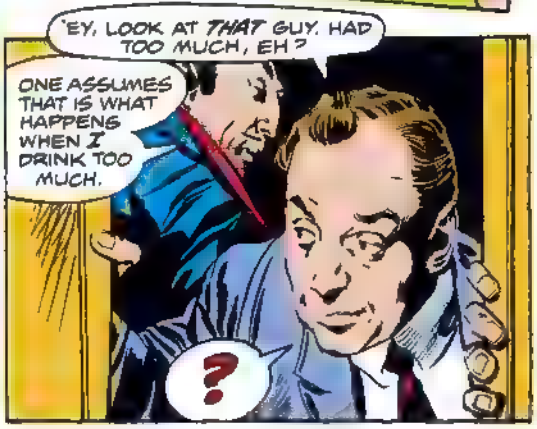
I'M AIR JUST LEMME THINK ABOUT THIS FOR AWHILE, WILL YA?
MORE WINE, MR. MITCHELL?
I'M AFRAID DAPHNE... MISS VON WILKINGON, DOESN'T HAVE MUCH TIME.
WHICH IS WHY SHE RECOMMENDED THAT I MAKE YOU AN OFFER.

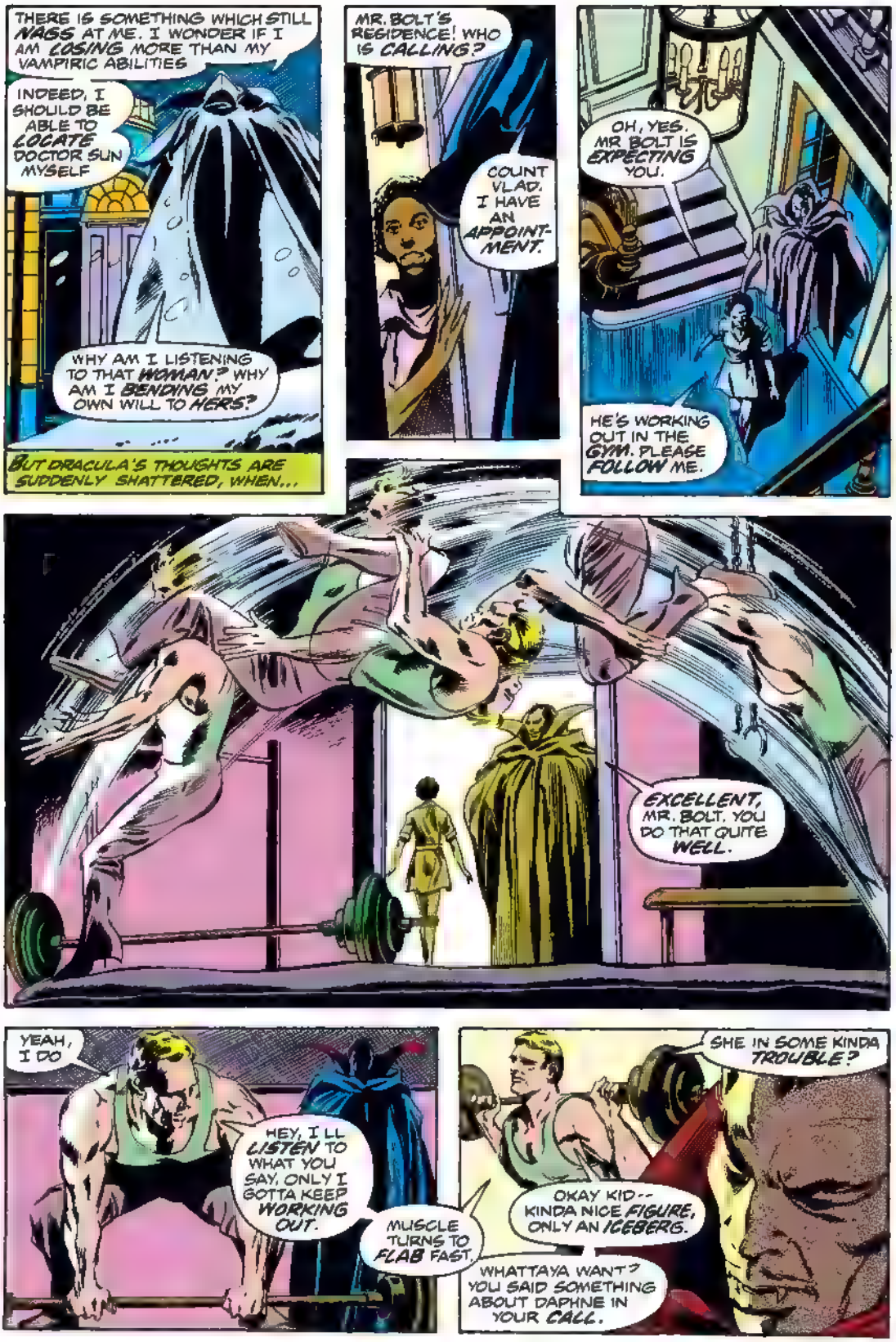
IT'S RATHER NOISY HERE. PERHAPS WE CAN SAFELY SPEAK OUTSIDE. IN THE MEN'S LOUNGE?
I THINK YOU WON'T REGRET HEARING WHAT I HAVE TO SAY

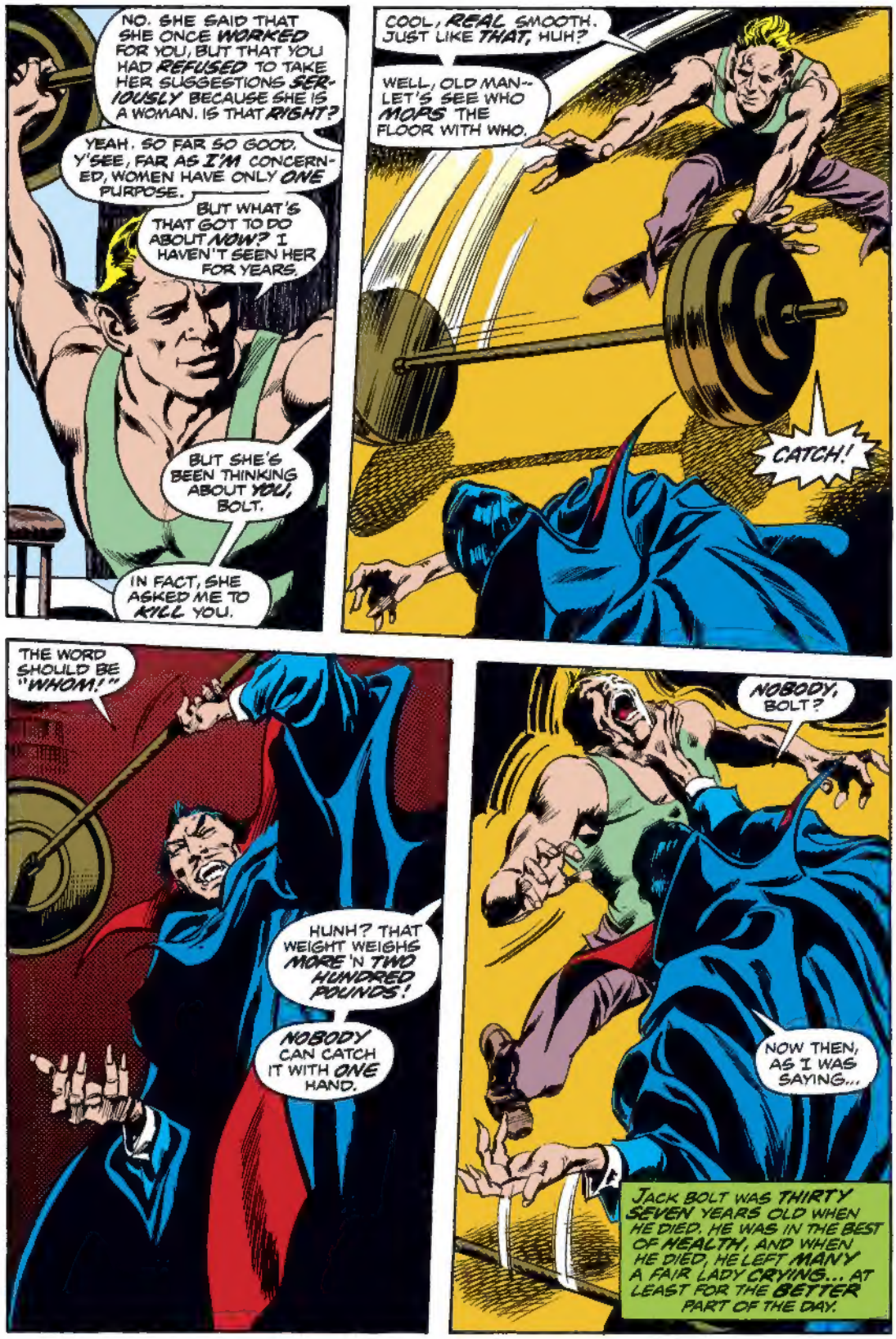

LOOK, I'M HERE, BUT SOMETHING TELLS ME THIS ISN'T EXACTLY KOSHER.
SUSPICIOUS, MR. MITCHELL? THAT HARDLY SUITS A HIGH-CLASSED LIAR LIKE YOU.
OR, CAN'T YOU SPOT OTHERS SO MUCH LIKE YOURSELF.

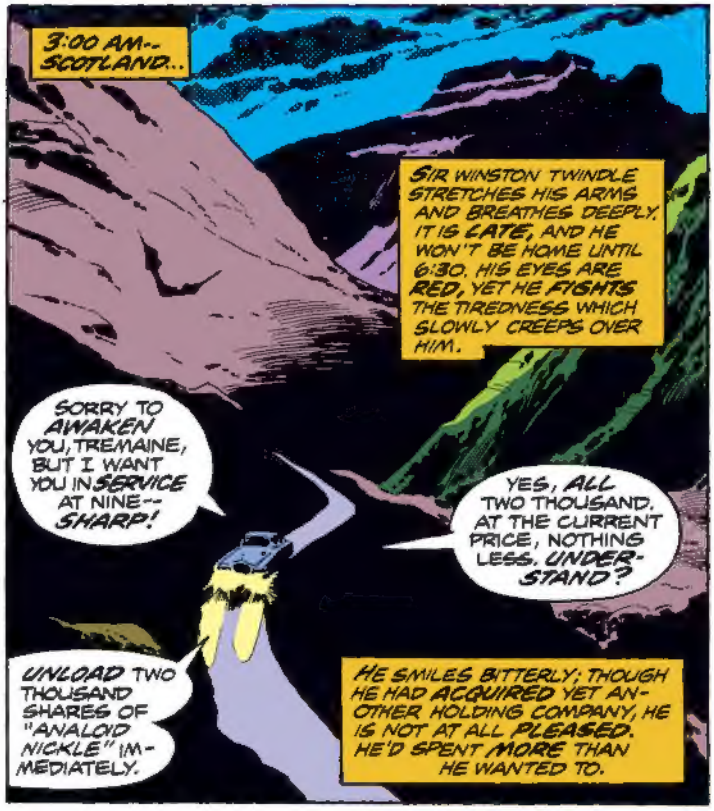
YOU WANTED TO HEAR MY OFFER, MR. MITCHELL--
IT IS DEATH! EVERLASTING DEATH!
SONG AND SCREAM INTERMINGLE, AND FOR A MOMENT, THERE IS ONLY NOISE.
THEN THE SONG CONTINUES.

FAREWELL, FRIEND. BE SURE TO GREET MY DEAR DESCENDANT, WILL YOU--
--PROVIDING HE IS WHERE YOU ARE GOING.


'EY, LOOK AT THAT GUY. HAD TOO MUCH, EH?
ONE ASSUMES THAT IS WHAT HAPPENS WHEN I DRINK TOO MUCH.
?

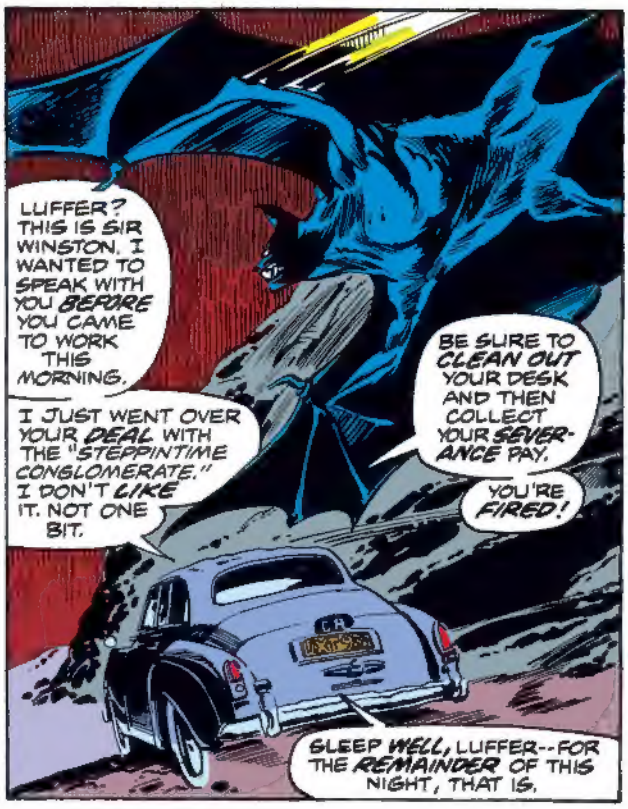

THERE IS SOMETHING WHICH STILL NAGS AT ME. I WONDER IF I AM LOSING MORE THAN MY VAMPIRIC ABILITIES
INDEED, I SHOULD BE ABLE TO LOCATE DOCTOR SUN MYSELF
WHY AM I LISTENING TO THAT WOMAN? WHY AM I BENDING MY OWN WILL TO HERS?
BUT DRACULA'S THOUGHTS ARE SUDDENLY SHATTERED, WHEN...
MR. BOLT'S RESIDENCE! WHO IS CALLING?
COUNT VLAD. I HAVE AN APPOINT-MENT.
OH, YES. MR. BOLT IS EXPECTING YOU.
HE'S WORKING OUT IN THE GYM. PLEASE FOLLOW ME.
EXCELLENT, MR. BOLT. YOU DO THAT QUITE WELL.
YEAH, I DO
HEY, I LL LISTEN TO WHAT YOU SAY, ONLY I GOTTA KEEP WORKING OUT.
MUSCLE TURNS TO FLAB FAST.
SHE IN SOME KINDA TROUBLE?
OKAY KID-- KINDA NICE FIGURE, ONLY AN ICEBERG'S.
WHATTAYA WANT? YOU SAID SOMETHING ABOUT DAPHNE IN YOUR CALL.

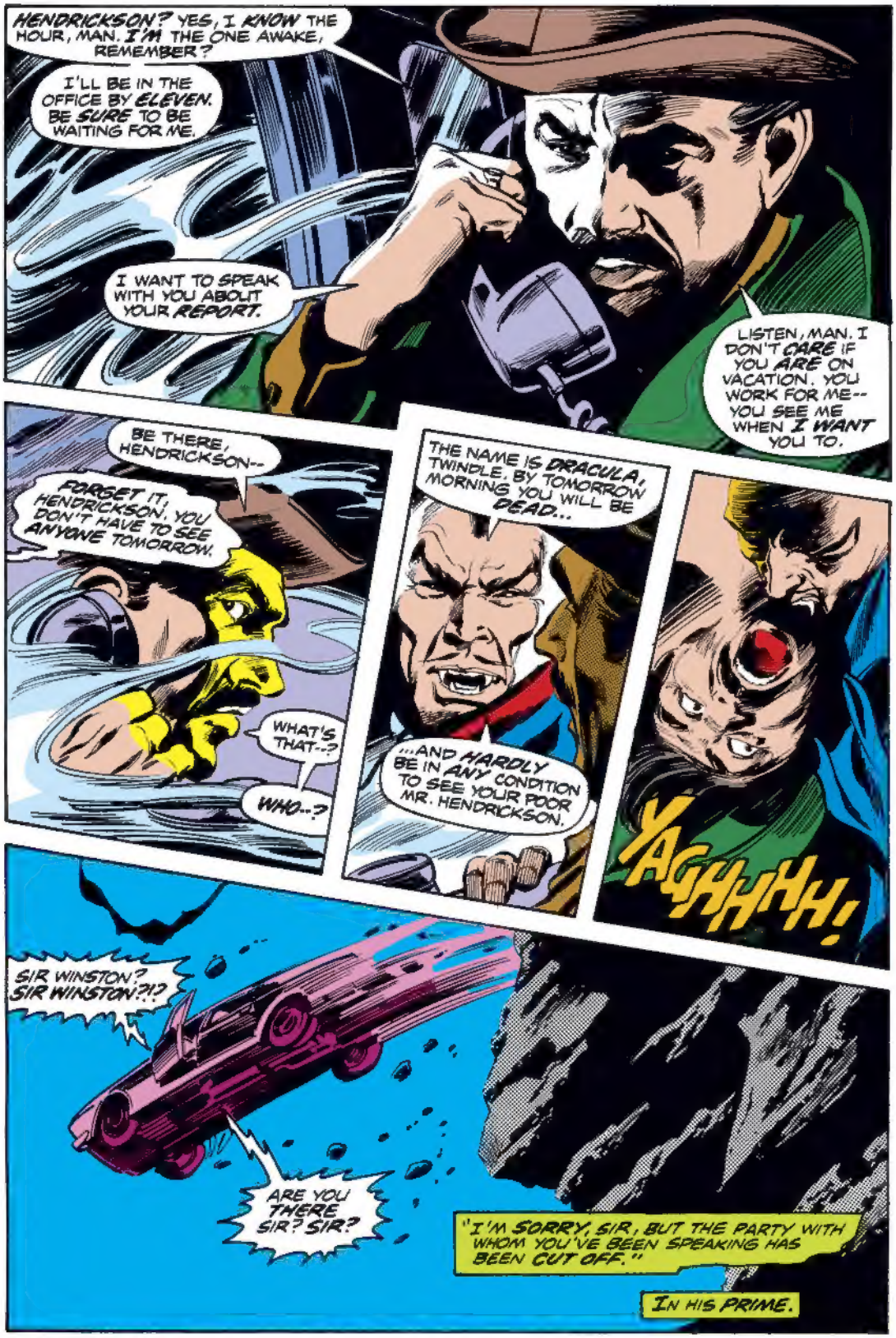

NO. SHE SAID THAT SHE ONCE WORKED FOR YOU, BUT THAT YOU HAD REFUSED TO TAKE HER SUGGESTIONS SERIOUSLY BECAUSE SHE IS A WOMAN. IS THAT RIGHT?
YEAH. SO FAR SO GOOD. Y'SEE, FAR AS I'M CONCERNED, WOMEN HAVE ONLY ONE PURPOSE.
BUT WHAT'S THAT GOT TO DO ABOUT NOW? I HAVEN'T SEEN HER FOR YEARS.
BUT SHE'S BEEN THINKING ABOUT YOU, BOLT.
IN FACT, SHE ASKED ME TO KILL YOU.
COOL, REAL SMOOTH. JUST LIKE THAT, HUH?
WELL, OLD MAN-- LET'S SEE WHO MOPS THE FLOOR WITH WHO.
CATCH!
THE WORD SHOULD BE "WHOM!"
HUNH? THAT WEIGHT WEIGHS MORE 'N TWO HUNDRED POUNDS!
NOBODY CAN CATCH IT WITH ONE HAND.
NOBODY, BOLT?
NOW THEN, AS I WAS SAYING...
JACK BOLT WAS THIRTY SEVEN YEARS OLD WHEN HE DIED. HE WAS IN THE BEST OF HEALTH, AND WHEN HE DIED, HE LEFT MANY A FAIR LADY CRYING... AT LEAST FOR THE BETTER PART OF THE DAY.


3:00 AM--SCOTLAND..
SIR WINSTON TWINDLE STRETCHES HIS ARMS AND BREATHES DEEPLY. IT IS LATE, AND HE WON'T BE HOME UNTIL 6:30. HIS EYES ARE RED, YET HE FIGHTS THE TIREDNESS WHICH SLOWLY CREEPS OVER HIM.
SORRY TO AWAKEN YOU, TREMAINE, BUT I WANT YOU IN SERVICE AT NINE--SHARP!
YES, ALL TWO THOUSAND. AT THE CURRENT PRICE, NOTHING LESS. UNDERSTAND?
UNLOAD TWO THOUSAND SHARES OF "ANALOID NICKLE" IMMEDIATELY.
HE SMILES BITTERLY; THOUGH HE HAD ACQUIRED YET ANOTHER HOLDING COMPANY, HE IS NOT AT ALL PLEASED. HE'D SPENT MORE THAN HE WANTED TO.

OH! DON'T LET ANYONE KNOW THEY'RE MY SHARES --NOT UNTIL NOON.
DON'T QUESTION ME, TREMAINE--JUST DO AS I SAY.

BLOODY FOOL. HE THINKS HE CAN SECOND GUESS ME.
STANLEY! A BIT FASTER, MAN. I WANT TO BE HOME EARLIER THAN NEXT YEAR.
YES SIR.


LUFFER? THIS IS SIR WINSTON. I WANTED TO SPEAK WITH YOU BEFORE YOU CAME TO WORK THIS MORNING.
I JUST WENT OVER YOUR DEAL WITH THE "STEPPINTIME CONGLOMERATE." I DON'T LIKE IT. NOT ONE BIT.
BE SURE TO CLEAN OUT YOUR DESK AND THEN COLLECT YOUR SEVERANCE PAY.
YOU'RE FIRED!
SLEEP WELL, LUFFER--FOR THE REMAINDER OF THIS NIGHT, THAT IS.


HENDRICKSON? YES, I KNOW THE HOUR, MAN. I'M THE ONE AWAKE, REMEMBER?
I'LL BE IN THE OFFICE BY ELEVEN. BE SURE TO BE WAITING FOR ME.
I WANT TO SPEAK WITH YOU ABOUT YOUR REPORT.
LISTEN, MAN. I DON'T CARE IF YOU ARE ON VACATION. YOU WORK FOR ME-- YOU SEE ME WHEN I WANT YOU TO.
BE THERE, HENDRICKSON--
FORGET IT, HENDRICKSON. YOU DON'T HAVE TO SEE ANYONE TOMORROW.
WHAT'S THAT--?
WHO--?
THE NAME IS DRACULA, TWINDLE. BY TOMORROW MORNING YOU WILL BE DEAD...
...AND HARDLY BE IN ANY CONDITION TO SEE YOUR POOR MR. HENDRICKSON.
YAGHHHH!
SIR WINSTON? SIR WINSTON?!?
ARE YOU THERE SIR? SIR?
"I'M SORRY, SIR, BUT THE PARTY WITH WHOM YOU'VE BEEN SPEAKING HAS BEEN CUT OFF."
IN HIS PRIME.

THREE DAYS LATER...
ALL FOUR ARE DEAD, WOMAN.
EXCELLENT. AND I HAVE THE INFORMATION YOU WANT, DRACULA.
SEEMS SCOTLAND YARD HAS HAD ITS OWN INVESTIGATION OF DOCTOR SUN GOING ON--
--AND THEY'VE LOCATED HIM IN THE UNITED STATES, BOSTON, TO BE EXACT.
ARE YOU SURE OF THESE FACTS, WOMAN?
THEY'RE FROM THE HORSES MOUTH, DRACULA.
THEN I'LL TAKE MY LEAVE.
WAIT! BEFORE YOU GO, ARE YOU SURE OF YOUR FACTS? ARE THEY REALLY DEAD?
OF COURSE, FOOLISH WOMAN--
AND THEY'VE JUST BEEN DYING TO THANK YOU.
HA! HA! HA! HA!
NEXT: MIDNIGHT FLIGHT TO HELL! A VERY DIFFERENT SORT OF DRACULA THRILLER